

An Independent Weekly Newspaper.

Devoted to Local and General News, Choice Family Reading, First-Class Advertising.

Terms \$1.50 in Advance. Subscriptions Begin at any time.

OFFICE ON GLENWOOD AVENUE.

Space	1w.	2w.	3w.	4w.	5w.	6w.	7w.	8w.	9w.	10w.	11w.	12w.
1 inch	50	75	100	125	150	175	200	225	250	275	300	325
2 "	100	150	200	250	300	350	400	450	500	550	600	650
3 "	150	225	300	375	450	525	600	675	750	825	900	975
4 "	200	300	400	500	600	700	800	900	1000	1100	1200	1300
5 "	250	375	500	625	750	875	1000	1125	1250	1375	1500	1625
6 "	300	450	600	750	900	1050	1200	1350	1500	1650	1800	1950
7 "	350	525	700	875	1050	1225	1400	1575	1750	1925	2100	2275
8 "	400	600	800	1000	1200	1400	1600	1800	2000	2200	2400	2600
9 "	450	675	900	1125	1350	1575	1800	2025	2250	2475	2700	2925
10 "	500	750	1000	1250	1500	1750	2000	2250	2500	2750	3000	3250

## RECORD PRINTING OFFICE

We are prepared to do, promptly, skillfully, and at low rates, ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, from a Bill-head to a Book.

Commercial Stationery, Letter and Note Heads, Envelopes, Etc., Furnished, Bound and Printed according to order.

## VILLAGE DIRECTORY.

**MORRIS & SONS RAILROAD**—To Newark and New York. Ridgewood Depot. Ridgewood Ave. Central Depot. Glenwood Ave. Watkinson Depot. Watkinson Ave.

**MIDLAND RAILWAY**—To New York Direct. Depot on Glenwood St. near Belleville Ave. Chestnut Hill Depot. Junction of Lincoln Ave. and Benson St.

**HORSE CARS FOR NEWARK**—Via Broad Street, Franklin St., Ac. Every half hour to 10 p. m.

**PORT OFFICE**—Broad Street, H. Dodd, P. M. Mail arrives at 8 a. m. and 5 p. m. Mail closes at 7 a. m. and 3 p. m. Letters Registered for P. O. Money Orders Issued. Stamped Envelopes, New Wrappers, Ac. for sale.

**WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**—Freemont Street, Rev. D. Kennedy, D. D., Pastor. Services Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School after morning service.

**CHRIST CHURCH (Episcopal)**—Liberty St. Rev. T. J. Danvers, Rector. Services Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9 a. m.

**BLOOMFIELD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**—On the Park, Rev. H. W. Halliwell, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School after morning service.

**METH. EPISC. CHURCH**—Broad Street, Rev. H. Spill, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9 a. m.

**GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**—Rev. J. Enselin, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9 a. m.

**BAPTIST CHURCH**—Franklin at Rev. Dr. Stubbs, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m.

**WATKINSON M. E. CHURCH**—Services on Sunday at 10 a. m. and at 7 p. m.

**TOWNSHIP COMMITTEE**—Meet 2d and 4th Fridays in each month, over Madison's Market.

**COLLECTOR OF TAXES**—See Campbell, Residence, Washington Street, Office over Madison's Market.

**JUNCTION COURT**—Over Madison's Market. Wm. R. Hall, Justice.

**OVERSEER OF POOR**—J. M. Walker, Residence, Morris Place.

## Bloomfield's Local Paper.

1875.

## THE THIRD YEAR

## The Bloomfield Record

Began Jan. 22d.

"Your Home Paper first, and as many others as you need afterwards."

NOW

IN THE TIME

TO

All the Local News! All the Local News!

For One Year! For One Year!

Only \$1.50! Only \$1.50!

What Better Investment Can You Make?

It will be the aim of the Publisher to make The Record for the current year, MORE VALUABLE THAN EVER to the people of this community as

A FIRST CLASS

LOCAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

IN THE INTEREST OF ALL.

EVERY FAMILY IN Bloomfield should take The Record. It publishes

School Matters, Church Affairs, Real Estate Transactions, Social Events of Public Interest, Etc., Etc.

We have unequalled facilities for gathering local intelligence. Everything of importance appears each week in The Record, thus forming a COMPLETE, RELIABLE and INTERESTING

History of the Village

and its vicinity, well worthy of preservation. Besides local features, it is hoped to make the Record, Original and Selected Articles of Literature, etc., and as well as well as high-souled and thoroughly moral in tendency.

S. M. HULIN, Publisher.

Office on Glenwood Ave., Near M. &amp; E. Depot.

## The Bloomfield Record.

S. M. HULIN, Publisher.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, BUT TRUTH IS THE FOUNDATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

Vol. III. No. 5.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1875.

Terms, \$1.50 Per Annum.

Whole No. 109.

## Professional and Business Cards.

CHARLES H. BAILEY, M. D.

[LATE OF THE NEW YORK HOSPITAL.] Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE: NEXT WILDE'S STORE.

Office Hours, 8 to 10, 3 to 5, and 7 to 8. Boards at Park House.

W. K. WILLIAMSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY AND MASTER IN CHANCERY.

748 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J. Notary Public and Counselor at Law for New York.

A. C. McCOMB, CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.

Lots and Farms Surveyed, Street Lines and Grades given, either by Contract or by Day Work.

OFFICE ON FRANKLIN STREET, Next door to the German Theological Seminary, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

OWEN &amp; HURBUT, SURVEYORS.

Jacobus Building, Opp. Pres. Church, MONTCLAIR, N. J.

D. R. C. STOCKTON, DENTIST.

(Successor to Drs. Colburn) No 15 Cedar street, Newark, N. J.

J. B. PITT, M. D., HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J. Residence on Broad Street three doors above Presbyterian Church.

Office hours 9 to 9 A. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

MISS CLARA EVELAND'S SELECT SCHOOL FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Corner of Linden Avenue and Thomas Street. TERMS MODERATE.

MISS L. L. BIDDLEPH'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

PIANO FORTE INSTRUCTION.

MISS FANNY C. CARL, TEACHER OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

RESIDENCE: 1104 BROAD STREET, Second Door North of Post Office.

THE MONTCLAIR LIBRARY.

FULLERTON AVENUE, NEAR BLOOMFIELD AVE. Is open daily from 3 to 6 P. M.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$3.00

6 MONTHS, \$2.00

3 MONTHS, \$1.00

Magazines and New Books purchased every month. Residents of Bloomfield and Montclair are cordially invited to visit the Rooms and to become subscribers.

BROAD STREET HOUSE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

ADJOINING DEPOT OF THE MONTCLAIR RAILWAY. Both permanent and transient guests accommodated at reasonable rates. House new and well furnished.

Apply to or Address F. M. DODD.

ARCHDEACON'S HOTEL, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

This Hotel was established in 1809, and has recently been handsomely refitted. A first-class Restaurant connected with the Hotel. Apl. 1-13

RUDOLPH BRUETT, HOUSE PAINTING, GRADING, &amp;c., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

THOMAS TAYLOR, COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS.

AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office at his residence on Bloomfield Avenue, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JOSEPH K. OAKES, SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS.

BLOOMFIELD AVE., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES TO BE HAD AT

DR. WHITE'S FAMILY DRUG STORE.

Open on Sundays, 9 to 10 a. m., 12 to 1, 5 to 6 p. m.

SAMUEL CARL, MERCHANT TAILOR.

Keeps constantly on hand CLOTHES, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE CLOTHING &amp; GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

BROAD STREET, BLOOMFIELD.

JOSEPH H. EVELAND, PRACTICAL PAINTER.

ORNAMENTAL PAINTING, GRADING, GILDING, &amp;c., &amp;c. Corner Linden Avenue and Thomas Street, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

THOMAS T. CADMUS, BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY, AND ICE CREAM SALOON.

BLOOMFIELD CENTRAL, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

SMITH &amp; PERRY, REAL ESTATE AGENT AND AUCTIONEER.

BROAD STREET, ABOVE BENSON, New Jersey.

From Tom Hood's Comic Annual for 1875.

## A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

My brother and I are twins. There can be no mistake about that, for likeness to each other is so great that it is positively unpleasant to our friends and ourselves. The celebrated Corsican brothers were not more alike than we are; that is as far as personal appearance goes; beyond that Jim and I are utterly dissimilar. For instance: I am fond of trade. Jim hates it; I have a great dislike to horse racing, Jim dotes upon what he pleases to call "the turf." I avoid danger to such an extent that I have heard some uncharitable people call my caution cowardice; now, nothing pleases my brother better than running risks; I am quiet and peaceable to a fault, while Jim is always up to mischief and constantly in hot water; in a word, two creatures more alike in features and unlike in character never existed.

How I did it I cannot tell, but by some means, I managed to offend a big hulking fellow, whom I recognized as the owner of a butcher's shop exactly facing my establishment. I tried all I could to soothe the monster, but he glared at me like an ogre, and made such very strong remarks that I thought it better to keep silent, hoping thereby to let the storm blow over. Vain hope! the butcher being unable to speak to me, in consequence of my silence, vented his malice by speaking at the old ones; declared that he had been made quite sick by some bad butter he had seen that day, and hoped, when the Inspector of Weights and Measures visited the neighborhood, that he would look after some shopkeepers in particular, for he, Mr. Grote, had watched one fellow tampering with his weights and scales all day.

I know he meant me, for I certainly had amused myself in the intervals of serving my customers by polishing up my scales and weights, and as I saw by their looks that the company knew that the wretch intended me, had no help for it but to reply.

"Sir," said I, in the most conciliatory manner possible, "I am exceedingly sorry that I should have unwittingly offended you, as it appears I have done, but I cannot fail to see that your observations are evidently intended for me."

"If the cap fits you may wear it," grinned the brute. "I shan't mention names, to give any one the opportunity of getting the law of me; I ain't so green."

"The cap does not fit," I replied, "for I beg to say that my butter is excellent, my scales just, and that all your accusations are entirely false."

With a howl of rage he sprang from his seat and dashed his pipe in my face. Luckily two of his companions seized him so that I was able to make my escape from the room; but as I fled I could hear him vociferating, "Come on, you coward—let me go—yah! you cur!" and so on, until I had left the house.

From that moment my life was full of misery. That horrid wretch, Grote, would not let me alone; he teased me morning, noon and night, until I became the laughing stock of the neighborhood, and consequently my trade fell off until ruin seemed to stare me in the face. My neighbors avoided me as if I had the plague, and some even went so far as to join the butcher in annoying me, so that at last I became too frightened to go out, and passed my evenings in the little parlor behind my shop, making up my books.

One night while I was so engaged a ring came at the bell. I opened the door, and a man clad in a long cloak, the collar turned up so as to conceal his face, rushed into the passage, a proceeding I no sooner remarked than I immediately prepared to rush into the street, for I cannot bear burglars; but before I could execute my purpose the fellow caught me by the shoulder, and in tones that froze my very blood, whispered in my ear:

"Don't be a fool, Dick; come in and shut the door or I shall be seized."

"Jim!" I stammered; "why, what is the matter?"

"Shut the door and come into the parlor, then I will tell you."

I did as he commanded, and then waited impatiently for the explanation of this sudden and mysterious visit.

"Phew!" said Jim, as he threw off his cloak, "I've had a narrow escape."

"But how have you had an escape?" and from what have you escaped?"

"Dick! I am ruined!" cried my brother, throwing himself into a chair. "I have backed the wrong horse for the St. Leger, and have lost all my money."

"I knew you would, Jim," I said; "I knew you would. But its no use crying over spilt milk, as the proverb says; you must come and share with me though Heaven knows that I have not much to offer you, for that horrid butcher has nearly ruined me."

"You are a good fellow, Dick, but I have worse news still. You know that \$1,000 placed in my hands by bay horses for a gentleman. So convinced was I that Vanderdecken would win this race, that I not only put my money on him, but also that which I had in trust. I

have lost all, and have had to fly to avoid the police."

The frightful news so overcame me I could only wring my hands and exclaim, "Oh what is to be done? what is to be done?"

"This is what must be done," said Jim, in a hurried whisper; "you must take my clothes and my name, and I will take yours in exchange; you must go down to Acton to my rooms, and I will carry on your business here. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see, but the police may arrest me by mistake."

"Of course they will; that's the beauty of the thing. I expect to make a handful of money over the next race, and when I have done that I will show up, declare that the whole affair has been a mistake, either pay the \$1,000 or buy the horses; you will be released, and can bring an action for damages for false imprisonment."

"Yes, that's all very well, Jim; but suppose you should not win the money?"

"Nonsense, my dear fellow; I must win it. It's as safe as the bank."

"Yes, but so was Vanderdecken."

"Oh, bother Vanderdecken! I tell you, I did like you ever since you thrashed that big bully, Grote, the butcher."

"What," I exclaimed in amazement, "thrashed Grote?"

"Of course you did, when he came over here sowing his seed, and pulled your nose. Oh, I did like the cool way in which you went to meet him, and knocked him down. It was splendid!"

Could it be possible? Had my twin brother thrashed the butcher, and left me to reap the glory? As if to confirm my suspicions, at that very instant Grote appeared in his shop—and oh, his face! It was a mass of bruises! I stepped out on the pavement to have a look at him closer.

On seeing me he bowed politely, but I merely shook my fist at him, and he retreated rapidly.

I cannot describe how my business increased from that day, and all through Jim's boldness and light-heartedness. During the day I received a letter from dear brother, in which he informed me that he had not lost his money; but saying heard of my misery, he invented this little plot to save me.

I have now several large boxes, Jim has never joined me, he having retired from the turf and become gentleman farmer. I am married, and have a large family. My eldest boy is about to marry Miss Grote, (Grote having become very good friends with me, and, what is better, very rich. But, good friends as we are, I have never thought it worth my while to inform him of his slight mistake.

"But my business," I gasped, for I did not like the job at all.

"Oh! I can take care of that, you know I understand the trade."

"But the butcher?"

"I must put up with him I suppose," said Jim, looking rather blue. "Of course it is not pleasant, but nothing is in this world, and as you have stood his insults for so long a time, I suppose I shall be able to bear it for a little while. There is the letter; now off with your clothes and put on mine."

How Jim did it I can't say, but in less than a quarter of an hour I was dressed in his clothes and turned out of my own home.

I crept along the road, trembling at the sight of a policeman, and wondering at the little notice they took of me. I reached the train in safety, and arrived in Acton without being arrested.

I found the "Bit and Bridle," and Bob Kirby, to whom I delivered the letter. He read it, and at once took me to Jim's rooms, advising me not to move there from as I valued my liberty. Need I say that I felt very uncomfortable, and obeyed his orders to a letter?

On the second night after my arrival in Acton Mr. Kirby came to my rooms and told me I must prepare to start for London at once.

"You must take care you are not seen," he continued, "for if you were caught now things would be very awkward. Tell Jim he must come down here at once; he had better walk down, for the trains may be watched. If he can get down without being seen all will be well; but if not, I fear they will try to make it a case of conspiracy."

Oh, how bitterly I repeated having consented to leave my butcher-shop! for, all things considered, the police were to me worse than the butcher. By keeping myself a strict prisoner in my own house, I could avoid the butcher; but there was no safety from the police.

With a beating heart I crept up to my own shop, and knocked gently at the door, which was opened directly by Jim, to whom I delivered my dreadful message.

"I must be off at once, Dick," he said, "we will change clothes directly! You will be all right, for I have made everyone believe I was me. I make a capital tradesman after all. I've sent your business up wonderfully."

I'm very glad to hear it, Jim; I'm sure it needed it. But how about the butcher?"

"Oh, he's been a great nuisance, certainly; but look here, Dick; don't you be half so easy with him. I don't believe he has half the pluck he pretends to have."

"I do—I know it!" was my useful answer; "but if the business is improving, I shall try to put up with the annoyance."

"That's right, Dick! And now, good-bye! I'm much obliged to you for what you have done. If any of the girls say you made love to them, you will know that I am the culprit—only don't you say so, but keep the fun up. It's not disagreeable work, I can assure you. Ha! ha! ha! nobody would believe you if you were to wear it was me. So good-bye, and take care of yourself!"

With a hearty laugh, Jim went on his road; and I, with sad heart, sought my bed.

I arose very early the next morning

and took down the shutters, so as to avoid meeting that horrid butcher. A few minutes afterwards a very pretty girl came fluttering into the shop, and with many a pretty smile and simper, purchased half a pound of my best fresh butter.

"Why, how dull you are this morning, Mr. Perkins!" she exclaimed, with a pretty, sly glance.

"Dull?" I replied, in a dreamy manner.

"Oh, nonsense!" she cried; "it is no good putting on that modest air, after the way you behaved yesterday. Do you know, when you first came here, we all thought you such a sneak—at least, most of us did; but I always said you were not so demure as you wished to make out—and the way you snatched that kiss from me yesterday proves it!"

"So," thought I, "this is the way Master Jim has been improving my business, is it?"

I looked at the little rosy mouth, and I ventured to follow his example, and did so with the greatest success.

"Do you know," said the young lady, putting her arms on the counter, "do you know that I have liked you ever since you thrashed that big bully, Grote, the butcher?"

"What," I exclaimed in amazement, "thrashed Grote?"

"Of course you did, when he came over here sowing his seed, and pulled your nose. Oh, I did like the cool way in which you went to meet him, and knocked him down. It was splendid!"

Could it be possible? Had my twin brother thrashed the butcher, and left me to reap the glory? As if to confirm my suspicions, at that very instant Grote appeared in his shop—and oh, his face! It was a mass of bruises! I stepped out on the pavement to have a look at him closer.

On seeing me he bowed politely, but I merely shook my fist at him, and he retreated rapidly.

I cannot describe how my business increased from that day, and all through Jim's boldness and light-heartedness. During the day I received a letter from dear brother, in which he informed me that he had not lost his money; but saying heard of my misery, he invented this little plot to save me.

I have now several large boxes, Jim has never joined me, he having retired from the turf and become gentleman farmer. I am married, and have a large family. My eldest boy is about to marry Miss Grote, (Grote having become very good friends with me, and, what is better, very rich. But, good friends as we are, I have never thought it worth my while to inform him of his slight mistake.

"But my business," I gasped, for I did not like the job at all.

"Oh! I can take care of that, you know I understand the trade."

"But the butcher?"

"I must put up with him I suppose," said Jim, looking rather blue. "Of course it is not pleasant, but nothing is in this world, and as you have stood his insults for so long a time, I suppose I shall be able to bear it for a little while. There is the letter; now off with your clothes and put on mine."

How Jim did it I can't say, but in less than a quarter of an hour I was dressed in his clothes and turned out of my own home.

I crept along the road, trembling at the sight of a policeman, and wondering at the little notice they took of me. I reached the train in safety, and arrived in Acton without being arrested.

I found the "Bit and Bridle," and Bob Kirby, to whom I delivered the letter. He read it, and at once took me to Jim's rooms, advising me not to move there from as I valued my liberty. Need I say that I felt very uncomfortable, and obeyed his orders to a letter?

On the second night after my arrival in Acton Mr. Kirby came to my rooms and told me I must prepare to start for London at once.

"You must take care you are not seen," he continued, "for if you were caught now things would be very awkward. Tell Jim he must come down here at once; he had better walk down, for the trains may be watched. If he can get down without being seen all will be well; but if not, I fear they will try to make it a case of conspiracy."

Oh, how bitterly I repeated having consented to leave my butcher-shop! for, all things considered, the police were to me worse than the butcher. By keeping myself a strict prisoner in my own house, I could avoid the butcher; but there was no safety from the police.

With a beating heart I crept up to my own shop, and knocked gently at the door, which was opened directly by Jim, to whom I delivered my dreadful message.